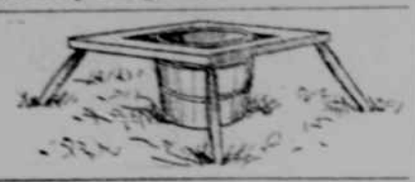
The Calf's Drinking Pail.

Calves during the first summer are frequently pastured in an orchard or tethered by a rope near the barn. In



either case water must be carried to them and their pail is very likely to be tipped over.—American Agriculturist.

Curing Hay for Home Use.

In hay making, two points are to be considered, writes J. S. Woodward, of New York. First, how to get the largest weight of such hay as is most in demand in the market and will bring the highest price, and second, how to get the largest amount of digestible stock food to the acre. The first is from the standpoint of the hay seller. The other from that of the hay feeder.

Fortunately for the farmer, the hay buying public has not yet "got onto" the fact that for all animals for all purposes for a driving horse even, there is no hay quite equal to early cut, well cured clover, so the market calls for timothy hay and such will sell for several dollars per ton more than any other, and it must be made from grass fully grown and ripened to a point just short of the shattering of the seed. There is a prejudice in the market against hay that is too green in color, and although hay cut early and of a deep green color is far better to feed, it will not bring as much as that which is lighter in color, in fact, almost white, providing this color comes from fuller maturity and not from bleaching by the weather.

While no other of the true grasses has nearly so high a feeding value as the northern bluegrass, "Poa compressa," and nothing increases the feeding value of timothy hay more than a mixture of this grass, such a mixture injures its market value in proportion to the quantity of bluegrass contained. So then, for market, clean timothy is wanted, and it should be cut just before its seeds will shell and at this stage can be cut in the morning of a good hay day, and drawn and housed in afternoon, especially if it be gone over with a tedder soon after dinner.

But as to the best time to cut the various kinds of grasses, best methods of curing, handling and storing to get best results in feeding farm stock. We do not care for bulk but for amount of digestible food. A well established fact in vegetable growth is, that during the early season much of the growth of hay plants is at the expense of nutriment stored up the previous season, and that up to a certain point of maturity the plant is largely fiber and water, and that beyond this time the plant is taking in carbon from the air and uniting that with the water and forming the carbohydrates—first sugar, then starch and lastly fiber; that the further this change goes the woody fiber increases and the digestible matter decreases.

A rapid change also takes place in the constituents of grasses in the curing or drying process. While the green grass may contain much sugar, when the same has been cured but little can found, it having passed on to the starch form largely, and doubtless more or less has gone on into the woody state. These facts true, grasses of all kinds should be cut when they have the greatest quantity of sugar and starch per acre, as these are both almost completely digestible. If allowed to go beyond this the hay may increase much in weight and still lose much of its digestible value.

With all the grasses, clover included, this point will be found just at the period of full bloom. I know many have a notion that the pollen on the grasses makes the hay dusty, but if that be the only dust on the hay, no animal will ever be injured by its use. There is one objection to this early cutting of grass for hay—it is much more work to cure it, but the far greater value will more than compensate for the extra labor.

I have tried almost every way of hay making but, all things considered, I prefer to do most of the curing in cock. I like to start the mower about four o'clock in the afternoon and keep it running until 10 o'clock the next day, except for a couple of hours in the early morning. If the grass is heavy, it should be shaken out with a tedder before noon and by three in the afternoon it will be ready to rake and go into cocks.

Few men know just how to make a good hay cock. Almost anyone can make a bunch, but it takes an artist to put up a hay cock so it will shed rain and not be blown over by every little breeze. It should be small on the ground, rather tall and so built up that the outside coat shall shed rain like the thatch on a stack. This is easily done by one who knows how, but difficult to describe so that a novice can make one just right. Hay put into cocks after being fully wilted will, in good weather, sweat and cure out, ready to go into the barn, in two to five days, according to the weather.

When cured enough on a bright morning after dew is off, the cocks should be deftly opened into just good sized forkfuls, and in an hour and a half or two hours it is ready to draw and put into barns. Of course where one has not storage under cover he will be compelled to stack the hay, but I believe this is a wasteful practice and that even with the best system of stacking, enough will be wasted in a few years to pay for a building in which to store it. The old notion was, that the barn for storing hay should be open and that the doors should all be left open to air the hay, but now people have learned that the tighter the barn and the closer it is kept shut, the greener the hay can be stored with safety and the better it will keep. In buying a lot of clover hay in England to feed a flock of sheep which I was to bring over, while on ship I was struck by its dark color but delicious fragrance and the fact that the sheep ate every portion, even to the coarse stalk, and from then till now I have been trying to cure clover like it, and have succeeded pretty well by curing it in large cocks and putting into mows quite damp.—New England Homestead.

Farm and Garden Notes.

The successful farmer not only knows how to do his work well, but does it as well as he knows how.

Dig out and haul off, or bury, the rock that dulls your plow or sickle, or you may have a break to repair next time.

Our rule has been to begin turning the horses on pastures nights as soon as the crops are in and the pasture good. We consider it a good plan.

The journals of grass and grain cutting machinery must be kept well oiled, the knives sharp and the pitman of such length that the sections will exactly centre in the guards.

Could Hear Webster a Mile Off.

Marshfield is noted for having its people live to a green old age, but Mrs. Sally Baker, who is ninety-eight years old to-day, can claim the distinction of being its oldest inhabitant by quite a number of years. She resides in a pretty farm house on the Neck road, which has been her home for sixty-one years. The buildings are sprucely painted, the surroundings are trimly kept, and the barns indicate a thrifty farm business. Mrs. Baker was born in Kingston June 9, 1799, and was the daughter of Oliver and Sally (Maglathlin) Sampson—good Old Colony stock on both sides of the house.

In April, 1819, Sally Sampson was married to Captain Otis Baker, of Duxbury, Parson Zephaniah Willis of Kingston, performing the ceremony. Captain Baker had been a privateersman in the war of 1812, being then less than twenty-one years old. His widow now draws a pension, and is the only pensioner of that war now living in this section. In 1836 Captain Baker and his wife went from Duxbury to Marshfield and established a home, where she has resided ever since. The farm was a mile long, and extended to Green Harbor River, on the opposite side of which lay the estates of Daniel Webster. Mrs. Baker used to see a great deal of her distinguished neighbor, for he was always hail fellow well met with the townspeople. Mr. Webster's voice in particular has impressed itself on the lady's memory.

"You could hear him a mile off," she said.

The Websters attended the little Congregational Church at South Marshfield, and being of Episcopalian "proclivities," were a source of wonder to the Pilgrim descendants as they knelt and bowed their heads at public worship.—Boston Globe.

Toads Are of Value.

Don't drive away the toads from your gardens. They are of immense value as insect destroyers and are perfectly harmless. In fact, in many places in Europe, they cultivate them as a sort of house pet. A gentleman from a suburban town tells me he has two in his home, and they have entirely freed his dwelling from cockroaches and water bugs. If you are pestered in summer with the troublesome little red ant, keep a toad. It is an absolute safeguard.—Boston Post.

Schoolma'am—"Why was it that his great discovery was not properly appreciated until long after Columbus was dead?" Nineteenth-century Schoolboy—"Because he didn't advertise."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

Success—Animal Love—A Little Short—Feline Felicitations—True Nepotism—The Things We Say—A Post Graduate—A Two-Time Talker, Etc., Etc.

It lies through two swings doors swung to.
The attendance is always full;
Some by the door marked "Push" get through,
And the rest through the door marked "Pull."

—Melville Chater, in Life.

True Nepotism.

Binks—"Your nephew is quite a promising young man, isn't he?"

Jinks—"Well, he has never done anything else as yet."—Tit-Bits.

Animal Love.

Hostess—"You like dogs, monsieur?"

Frenchman—"Ah, oui, I like everything zat is beastly."—Pick-Me-Up.

Feline Felicitations.

Debutante—"I wonder if I shall lose my looks, too, when I get to your age?"

Seasoned Sister—"You will be lucky if you do!"—Punch.

A Little Short.

She—"It's funny, but all the time I have known Mr. Tigg he never has paid me a compliment."

He—"Tigg never pays anybody anything."—Boston Transcript.

A Two-Time Talker.

Flasherly—"Poor Cholly!"

Dasherly—"What's the matter with Cholly?"

Flasherly—"Married a woman with a double chin!"—New York Journal.

The Things We Say.

Nouveau Riche—"I wonder, dear, how you came to marry an ordinary fellow like me?"

Bride—"I haven't the least idea. Mamma managed the whole affair."—Fun.

Necessary Time.

"It takes my wife three days to go to a picnic."

"How's that?"

"She takes a day to get ready, a day to go and a day to get over it."—Chicago Record.

A Post Graduate.

Barber—"Have you had any experience in shaving students?"

Applicant for Job—"Oh, yes, sir; I always go over their faces with the back of the razor, and ask them if it pulls much."—Harvard Lampoon.

Reassuring.

Customer—"Why don't you ever drive your cat off the table, waiter?"

Waiter—"Well, you see, it's stewed rabbit day, and the proprietor says the customers like to see the cat in evidence on these days."—Boston Traveler.

Very Temporary Aberration.

Conductor—"Did you see the man with the child?"

Driver—"No."

Conductor—"He's the proudest father I ever met. Insisted on paying full fare for the six-months-old boy."—Tit-Bits.

What She Lost.

Husband—"I have made all sorts of sacrifices for you. Now, what did you ever give up for me?"

Wife—"What did I ever give up for you? Well, I never! Why, I gave up half a dozen of the nicest young men in town."—Fun.

How She Knew.

He—"What makes you think that Balderly will soon ask you to marry him?"

She—"Don't mention it to any one, but I know his income isn't large, and he's beginning to argue with me that plain living promotes the best complexion."—Adams Freeman.

How She Entrapped Him.

Ethel—"You say Algy has been heartlessly deceived by a young woman. Did she lead him on to think that she loved him?"

May—"Oh, no; she led him on to believe that she didn't care a rap for him, and then when he carelessly proposed, accepted him on the spot."—New York Truth.

John Doe, His Mark.

"I'd like to know who is sending me these anonymous letters," said the head of the firm.

"And pfawt's that?" asked the Irish porter.

"A letter without any signature. This makes the third one I have received in two weeks."

"Perhaps," said Mike, "perhaps the poor man cannot write his name at all."—Dublin World.

The End of His Rope.

"Do you have mice in your house, Parker?" asked Wicks.

"Yes—lots of 'em," said Parker.

"What on earth do you do for them? I'm bothered to death by them at my house."

"What do I do for 'em?" said Parker. "Why, I do everything for them—provide 'em with a home, plenty to eat and so forth. What more can they expect?"—Harper's Bazar.

Made Him Nutty.

"Snickers," said Cawker to the well-known humorist, "do you think that a person's diet has much influence on his actions and thoughts?"

"Yes, I do, Cawker. I think that what a man eats determines his peculiarities. Why do you ask?"

"I have noticed you eating a good many chestnuts lately."—Fun.

Useless Knowledge.

Cookery School Projector—"I have called, Mrs. Slimdiet, to ask you if you would like to join our cookery class just forming."

Mrs. Slimdiet (boarding-house keeper)—"Oh, I don't care to spend money learnin' how to git up a lot o' Frenchified dishes."

"Ah, but you do not understand. Our lessons are devoted to the preparation of all sorts of nice and palatable dishes just from things left over, you know."

"No use to me. We never have anything left over."—New York Weekly.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Some people consider it hard to be poor, but the majority of us find it dead easy.

Don't get into the habit of vulgarizing life by making light of the sentiment of it.

Selfishness is often so refined that it is deeply wounded at the least remonstrance.

If we had no defects, we should not take so much pleasure in discovering those of others.

There is no man easier to be deceived than he who hopes, for he aids in his own deceit.

A pound of water in the ocean tempest has no more gravity than in a midsummer pond.

Our happiness in this world depends very largely on the affection we are able to inspire.

The feeble tremble before opinion, the foolish defy it, the wise judge it, the skillful direct it.

Don't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about.

True genius much resembles a mustard plaster. The secret of its smartness lies in close application.

If a man tells us what he thinks of his neighbors, we can generally tell what his neighbors think of him.

He whose ruling passion is the love of praise, is a slave to every one that has a tongue for flattery and calumny.

We are oftener more cruelly robbed by those who steal into our hearts than by those who break into our houses.

Fun is the most conservative element of society, and ought to be cherished and encouraged by all lawful means.

It is an inevitable law that a man cannot be happy unless he lives for something higher than his own happiness.—The Southwest.

Elephants as Beasts of Burden.

As a beast of burden the elephant is very largely employed in India, Burmah, Ceylon, Sumatra and Southeastern Asia, and as such it is found to be patient, intelligent, industrious and most effective. The average elephant will "walk away" with a load of half a ton as though unburdened. In Burmah they are employed for dragging logs up from the river and stacking them in well-regulated piles in the bank. This they do with human precision, and butt away at the end of a log until it is flush with the pile, with an intelligence that is almost startling. In Perak they use them for carrying loads of tin from the mines; in India they are employed for bearing miscellaneous burdens, and, of course, their great strength is often employed for removing obstacles beyond ordinary horse power. As a rule, horses are afraid of them, and I remember once, while riding from Dagshai to Simla, having to blindfold my horse before I could get him to pass three or four stately elephants. It was, of course, at a particularly nasty bit of road, where a tumble over the ghat would have ended my sublunary toils. The elephant is kind and gentle. It returns love for love. In the jungle, when free, they live in herds and are very much attached to each other. The monarch of the herd is an arch polygamist, and admits of no rivalry—fighting "to the death," if need be, in defence of his harem.—St. James Budget.

Agriculture in Iceland.

Almost within the arctic circle, in north latitude sixty-five to seventy degrees, Iceland, with its poplation of 70,000, is warmed on the west coast by the Gulf Stream, and can raise fair hay crops and sparse root crops. About sixty-five per cent. of the population are occupied in rearing sheep and cattle, which are largely consumed at home, the first named exported in moderate numbers to British ports. Sheep are not shorn, but in early summer the fleeces loosen on the animal and the loose wool is easily detached; most of the surplus goes to England.

"You," said the man, "are not so hot." The cucumber managed to remain cool. "And you are not so many as you might be." Then, to sustain its premise, it doubled the man up.—Typographical Journal.

COOD ROADS NOTES.

General Stone on Good Roads.

The United States Government is building a macadam road on College avenue, New Brunswick, N. J., as an object lesson. As a part of the lesson General Roy Stone, of the road building section of the United States Department of Agriculture, gave a lecture on "Road Building." The General said that the Government has looked out for the railroads, the rivers and harbors, but the roads, the connections between the city and rural districts, have been neglected. This, however, is now being remedied. With dirt roads it costs farmers twenty-five cents per mile per ton of freight moved. Good roads save eighteen cents of this. General Stone went on to say that one of the cheapest and most practical roads of the future will resemble a railway, with steel tracks about eight inches wide for wheels to run in, while the horse travels in a gravel path. Such roads, he asserted, can be built cheaply, and will give splendid service.

A Left-Handed Argument.

A correspondent, supposed to be a dealer in vehicles and agricultural implements, writes as follows to Farm Machinery:

"Anybody with half sense knows that if we had good roads the farmers wouldn't wear out one-third as many buggies and wagons. Most of the farmers would be riding around on those pesky bicycles. Some of them would neglect putting in crops to ride their bicycles, and consequently wouldn't buy the implements they wanted. The worse the condition of the roads the better for the dealers. Let us have roads that will keep the farmers from gallavanting around on bicycles. Let us have roads that will keep the farmers at home attending to their crops, which wear out implements, and, when they do come to town, let the roads be so they will wear out their vehicles quick. Don't you see that the farmer will make more money by staying at home attending his farm, and consequently can buy more implements and buggies? It will be better for him, the dealer, the manufacturer and you, but I believe you are too stupid to see it. I want you to publish this letter, though, so the manufacturers and dealers will have their eyes opened and see how they are working against their own interests in working for good roads. . . I've been corresponding with several dealers about trading my business for theirs. I am determined to get out of this community. I want to get where true merit, honesty and horse sense will be appreciated. I'll wait and see if you publish this letter before I write again, and I hope, if it is published, the dealers and manufacturers will write to me and tell me if they don't think I'm right on the 'good road' question. "A Croaxer."

Steel and Brick Roadways.

Secretary Wilson has given directions to General Roy Stone, Chief of the Bureau of Good Roads at the Department of Agriculture, to construct a sample steel roadway at the most convenient location he can find at the Nashville exposition, where it may be seen and studied by the visitors who will attend the exposition during the summer. Secretary Wilson thinks the steel trackway for wagons is the easiest solution of Good Roads problem, particularly in the West, where stone and gravel are scarce and the soil is deep and sticky.

"In sections where stone is very scarce," said Secretary Wilson, "as in central Illinois, experiments are being made for the construction of brick roads. At Monmouth a road has been made of a single course of vitrified brick set on edge, laid on sand, seven feet wide between curbs of oak plank and borders of broken stone to a distance of two feet on each side. This road has not been in use long enough to be fully tested, but has given a very favorable impression at the outset. It has been recommended that an experiment be made with brick trackways for wheels and gravel between for the tread of horses, and it is quite possible that steel trackways may be profitably substituted for brick.

"A more thorough test of brick roads has been made in Cuyahoga County, Ohio, where they have proved so satisfactory that they are being extended in several directions. The plans for their extension call for a stone curbing on both sides of an eight-foot track of brick, the remainder of the road, twenty-feet wide, is graded but not paved. These roads, however, have been expensive, and have required much heavy grading. The cost of paving is much higher than that of a steel trackway at the present price of that material."—Johnstown (Penn.) Democrat.

Russian Landed Estates.

Nowhere in Europe are landed estates so vast as in Russia. Striking evidence thereof is furnished by the will of General Maltzeff, of the Czar's army, who bequeaths to his heirs, in addition to other property, no less than twenty-nine mines, fifteen of which are of the first importance. They afford employment to more than 60,000 workmen. The only person in Russia whose mining properties exceed those of the Maltzeff estate is Elim Demidoff.